

## The Sunshine Reform Camp For Waywards

Rick stared at the stack of new campers and the frowning polaroids that stared back at him. He thumbed through their long list of accusations, their court appointments, along with a brief overview of each of why each were here for the summer. Some were older than others, but most were eighteen or nineteen. Too old to go to juvy, but it just didn't seem right to send them off to jail. That was why Rick was "gifted" with a new selection every summer.

The Sunshine Reform Camp for Waywards wasn't the typical detention facility that most of these criminals had seen throughout their lifetime. It was their last stop before they were gifted a new life. It was freedom that Rick offered, even though this place offered worse sentences than a prison.

Rick pulled the images from the files and produced a separate stack of files, but within those large folders were images of older men along with long lists of desires and requests. Rick spent the next several hours with the images as he paired and then repaired them together. He would push some "perfect" matches to the side just to remove one and replace it with another thirty minutes later. This was the most meticulous part of the position, he told himself. This was where his expertise and years of experience were put to the true test. Would he be able to really bend not just the mind but the body of this wayward youth to the specific buyer? Some were harder to break than others, but they always succumbed to either the drugs, the mind control, or the constant training that he pushed them through.

"Rick?" A voice from behind his office door asked.

"Yes Alex?" Rick asked as a slender man in the typical camp counselor uniform appeared; red short shorts, a form fitted t-shirt with the camp logo, and a baseball hat with the same logo.

"I cant believe you are still up. I saw the light from outside, and wanted to tell you to go to sleep. Everyone is arriving at 8am tomorrow. And from what I hear, these are gonna be a rowdy bunch." Rick leaned back in his chair and placed both hands behind his head in relaxed manner.

"Oh, that just makes it all the better," Rick laughed. Alex floated over towards the wall of perspective pairs and looked at the lists of requirements and wants that his buyer had "requested". Even though for the amount of money each of these men were paying, it was definitely more of a demand than a request.

"I'm surprise you let Mr. Jefferson back after what he did to the last one." Alex said as he read the long list. "You are honestly going to do this?" Alex said, pointing to the last item on the list. Rick leaned in, read the list once more, and gave a shrug.

"They pay us good money to be discrete as well as procure the men. It's not like any of these guys were going to be the president or anything worth wild one day." Rick explained.

"Well, I mean do you ever feel bad about, um – ruining these men's lives? Like they don't ever go back to their families, some even have kids," Alex said, trying to find the right words. Rick frowned. Alex had only been working at the camp for the past two summers. So he had only seen a couple batches of people being transformed and then shipped off to their new owners. Maybe it was time for Rick to explain to Alex how everything really worked within the camp?

"Alex you have done great work these past two summers. Excellent work, actually. So I want to bring you in a little more. Let you know how everything works. Let's take – hmmm, Mr. Martinez for example. Two charges for assault, one armed robbery, and bribery of a federal judge. Wow, ballsy move Mr. Martinez."

"Yes sir. I have read all the files already." Rick held up a finger to silence Alex.

"But do you know that it was Ms. Martinez that we approached when it was time for his sentencing. That it was his wife that we paid in order for Mr. Martinez to be brought to this location, handsomely I might add. Paid so well, that she would never have to worry about money for quiet some time. So it was her choice for her husband to become one of our campers." Realization came across Alex's eyes, as several of his unspoken questions were finally answered. Rick knew most of the staff had such questions, but few would be given an actual answer and even less had the balls to ask them.

"So we pay off the families." Alex said, it wasn't a question but it wasn't a statement.

"The families, the courts, the police. They disappear for all intent and purpose. Poof, like they never even existed. Mr. Martinez is going to cost several hundred's of thousands of dollars to just get to the Sunshine Camp, and even more by the time that he leaves. But the right person will pay a lot for the man of their dreams." Rick placed Mr. Martinez's picture back onto the wall next to his assigned buyer who was already surrounded by three other images. A very tall order.. "Any more questions Alex?"

"No sir," Alex said shortly, unsure of what else to even ask or what else did he not know. Rick's teacher like manner, transitioned back to his relaxed counselor persona that he wore daily.

"Well then buckaroo. We both better hit the hay. We have a long summer ahead of us, and probably not much time to sleep. So get it while you can." Alex mirrored his large grin. After all, they both had a job to do. A job that would make them rich by the time August came around.

Greg

**June 3<sup>rd</sup>**

Greg stepped off the bus; the bright sun assaulted his eyesight, the smell of oak and grass agitated his allergies, and the smiling “counselors” annoyed him. He pulled his single piece of luggage over his shoulder and gave a half grin towards the bus driver and walked towards the long line of fellow campers who were already getting the welcome wagon from the overly joyous cast.

“Don’t think of us as police officers, guards, or any type of authority. We are here to be your friends and help you transition into a newer, better life.” The man’s words were received with many long groans. “I know. I know, you all are thinking what could this man know about fun or being cool. But I was one of you just a few years ago. Down on my luck. Stealing. Getting in fights left and right. So don’t think I don’t understand what it means to need one more chance. And that is why I opened this place. And I hope you all find your new purpose here.” Greg leaned towards one of his fellow new campers.

“This is a crock of shit,” Greg said to a red headed boy. The male gave no response, but only a scowl. “What the fuck is your problem,” Greg cursed as his hand went to his pocket but found it empty. No weapons. That was a heavily enforced rule on campgrounds and they had all been searched, several times. The ginger haired man stepped towards Greg and looked down at him. The scars on his face were terrifying to Greg, and said that he had been in many fights and had obviously come out as the winner. Luckily for Greg, the counselor was speaking broke up the two before a fight had broke out.

“Men. There will be no fighting on the grounds. Do you understand.” Greg and the red head man turned towards the counselor and his friendly appearance had become icky. His words were full of malice, and the threat was clear in his words. Greg and the red head both nodded in unison.

“Malcom you go to cabin 12 and you,” he pointed at Greg, “you’re Gregory Starnes. Am I correct?” He asked. Greg nodded again. The counselor smirked. “I’m the owner here. Rick. I saw that you came near the end of my introduction.” He extended a hand and the two shook. “It is great to meet you. You will be in cabin 7. Feel free to get yourself unpacked, relax for a bit. Dinner is served at 8pm. Lights out are by 10pm. Agendas and calendars are already in each room with your daily assignments.”

“Assignments?”

“You didn’t think you were going to to just lay around all summer did you?” Rick joked. “By August we need you to be a smart upstanding citizen, so we can let you back out into the wild.” Rick playfully pushed Greg’s shoulder, as he laughed at his own joke. Greg did not find it nearly as funny, but Rick get his smiling composure. “Go ahead, run along and we will get to know each other much more

throughout the summer.” Greg turned away and began to walk in the direction of his assigned bunk. It was a short walk, and one that he made alone. He could see the rest of the campers as they wandered off to their own assigned bunks. There was around twenty of them, maybe thirty, but enough that he would know every person by the end of the summer.

Greg’s cabin was just like he thought it would be; small, nearly empty, and dirty. It was about the size of his bedroom back at home but much dustier and not a free outlet in sight. He walked over to his bed and tossed his bag onto the mattress before he walked over to the mirror. He removed his beanie and ran his hand over his buzzed hair, knowing that it would be some time before he was allowed a hair cut. Greg gave the largest fakest smile, raised his large almost unibrow, and placed his hands on his hips.

“Run along and go unpack. Get ready for a summer full of fun and inner peace,” Greg said, mocking the high and overly friendly tone of Rick’s voice. He dropped his smile, and the attitude. “Fuck off.” He snapped at his reflection before he relaxed into his bed. He wished he had something to keep his mind off this fucking place, but all he could hope for was for sleep to take him sooner rather than later and so it did.

But while Greg slept figures moved from behind the mirror where he was just impersonating Rick stood several men in long white coats, scribbling words on their large large stack of papers attached to their clipboards. They whispered to one another even though the walls and mirror were both sound proof. Always cautious when the time was needed.

“Begin first round of injections,” One scientist said to the other who nodded in response. One of the pushed a button behind the mirror and they watched as a pink gas entered the room. It filled the room as Greg slept in his bed. They intensely watched as Greg inhaled the gas and slept through the evening. Every so often they would press another button, or adjust the level of gas as they watched. It was too early for them to see nay true changes within Greg but they were both already excited to see how he transformed.

### **July 16<sup>th</sup>**

Greg pushed his long blonde hair behind his ear as it fell from the ponytail that kept his unreasonable long hair out of his face during his daily activities. He couldn’t believe how quickly his hair had grown in just a month or how blonde it had gotten. He told himself that it was the sun that was bleaching his hair, but something didn’t seem right to him. His usual buzzed hair was nearly to his shoulders and even the times he had grown out it his hair; it was dark and curly and not straight and

blonde. And that wasn't the only thing he noticed that had changed; his eyebrows seemed thinner, his lips seemed fuller, his body seemed more lithe. Something was wrong, but he couldn't put his finger on it.

"Come on Greg! Trust us!" Rick shouted as he and a group of counselors stood at the base of the ropes course, waiting for him to jump down. A trust exercise Rick explained, but Greg barely trusted his own family let alone these strangers. But over the last month he had grown close with certain campers as well as the counselors. Though he denied it internally when he thought about it at the end of the day. Greg took a breath and jumped.

The wind whipped around his face as he felt the rope tighten as he fell towards Rick specifically. Greg had noticed his muscular arms had seemed bigger recently, and Greg tilted his body slightly as he aimed to fall directly into Rick's arms. And luckily, Greg's projection was correct.

"Woah there buddy!" Rick said loudly as he wrapped his large arms around Greg's body. Greg subconsciously buried his face in Rick's body and sniffed the deep musk of man and the scent of ever wood surrounded him. Rick lifted Greg up and felt something weird flutter in his chest and his in shorts, which only seemed to be shrinking every time they returned for the laundry. "You just jumped right into my arms!" Greg blushed and buried his face back into Rick's chest, feeling embarrassed at the thought of his intentions being found out. Rick dropped Greg down onto his feet and he daintily walked away from the man and the other campers. Greg had noticed the other campers had also seemed off; some were larger than when they first arrived, some smaller, and just the aura of many of them seemed off.

"Thank you," Greg said, his voice was soft and feminine which shocked even him.

"Of course little guy. I'm always here to catch my campers," Rick said as he rubbed his hand on Greg's head, which pushed clumps of his blonde hair from his ponytail and into his face. "I like you with the longer hair too. Very pretty." Greg felt his heart flutter once again. The thought of being termed "pretty" should have angered him, but he enjoyed being called pretty. Especially by Rick.

"You like it?" Greg asked, feeling his lips purse out slightly almost enticingly. From his line of sight Greg could see his bottom lip push out almost like a pout. Rick laughed as his response.

"Well, I think all my campers are great," Rick beamed but Greg only pouted his lip further, cocked his hip to the side, and crossed his arms.

"Meanie," Greg said and he jolted back, shocked by the way he was acting. He placed his arms at his side and attempted to stand more like a "man". Rick laughed again.

"And that's why they pay me the big bucks!" Rick said as he bopped Greg on the nose which made him smile. "Why don't you hit the shower and we have more campers that are waiting to jump."

Greg felt slightly crestfallen but also happy to see Rick's playful manner. Greg lifted one of his arms and immediately hit with a burst of body odor, and Greg reeled back in disgust.

"Ewwwey," Greg said in response, before he skipped off towards the showers not noticing that several of the other campers had snickered or laughed at his movements.

The showers were located in the center of the camp, and they were communal. Greg at first hated the first night that he had to shower with the rest of the campers. Even though he showered at his gym back at home, he wasn't used to showering directly next to another guy. But as the summer went on Greg cared less about who he showered with, but cared more about when. Greg started to enjoy when he showered and enjoyed it even more when there were more guys. He could tell that the other camper's eyes always seemed to float around, measuring up the competition. Even though Greg wasn't the biggest guy, and was even smaller now, he still was endowed with a massive cock that only seemed to grow larger while the rest of him shrank. Greg even started to enjoy the wide eyes that he got when he walked around.

Greg didn't even try to hide his long cock as it slapped against his thigh with every step. Or how his heavy balls hung much lower and were much larger than an average pair of testicles. And just the knowledge that they were looking at him made his cock thicken up and fill with blood. It never seemed to grow as hard or erect as it should have, but just the extra girth was enough to make a few of the other camper's cock to grow in response.

Greg entered the showers and grinned as he saw eight other campers already mid shower, and felt his cock begin to thicken before he was even in the water. His short shorts gave no privacy to his attraction, and he could see that several campers had already noticed who had entered the outdoor showers. And Greg was ready to put on a show. He undid the drawstring of his shorts and dropped them and his underwear to the floor. He lifted the shirt over his head and threw his clothes into a cubby. Greg grabbed a shower and tossed it over his shoulder and walked towards the center shower head which nobody ever chose due to its lack of privacy.

The water was cool against Greg's skin as he dove directly under the water, not wanting to wait for it to warm. The icy water caused gooseflesh to break out over his skin as it covered his body. His cock did not mind the temperature. From the corner of Greg's eyes he saw the shrunken organs of the other campers and grinned as his only seemed to get bigger as he drew more attention to him. Greg grabbed a nearby bar of soap and lathered up his body. He moved his hands over his upper body, and teased the crowd of men with just barely touching his cock.

“Ooo,” a nearby obese camper with deep ginger hair groaned as he watched Greg’s thin hands worm their way around his body, obviously eager to see Greg’s cock grow that much more. Greg smirked at the sound of his enticed crowd and finally, with two hands, took his cock. His thinner hands felt off as he took his cock in hand. It was partially hard, as if it was stuck mid-erection but it felt all the same to Greg. He stroked up and down as his balls bounced against his legs. The shaft of his cock seemed to squeeze between his fingers as he massaged up and down his cock in a washing yet sensual manner.

“Ughh,” Greg moaned as he pulled away one hand and rubbed soap across his chest he kept one of his hands on his cock or balls the entire time. In Greg closed his eyes and imagined all the men worshipping his body and the sheer size of his cock. He imagined all of them falling to their knees in sheer awe of him. Each of them begging to touch him or be gifted with the ability to touch Greg’s cock. Greg just stroked and rubbed his body as he heard the groans of the moan join his own enjoyment. They enjoyed the show while he enjoyed putting on the show. He could feel his heavy cock flop around uselessly in his hands, unable to cum but the feeling he got showing off was more intense than any orgasm he ever felt. By the time Greg finished his wash, his cock slapped his knee as he walked away from the shower. He could see several of the other men secretly jerking off as their eyes glanced towards Greg, with only one obese camper looking directly at him. The red hair and the face itched Greg’s memory as if he knew the person but couldn’t place the face. But instead of thinking more he winked at the guy and left the shower area as he heard several men shout as they came.

“Faggots,” Greg laughed to himself as he walked towards his cabin buck naked, enjoying the looks of lust and ecstasy that he garnered. And when Greg entered his cabin he noticed a new bag of that sat on his bed. He opened the zipper and found a large array of sparkly undergarments and a large makeup bag. Part of him wanted to toss the bag out or return it to Rick in hopes of getting to see him again. But a much larger part of him, the winning part, made him open the bag and sift through the belongings like it was Christmas morning. All while the scientists on the other side of the mirror chuckled and at Greg’s progression.

## Jordan

Jordan sat omg he back of the bus, watching the rest of the delinquents exit the bus one by one. He wondered, was this actually better than just going to jail? Could he actually be “rehabilitated” to a functioning member of society? He highly doubted it, but at least this would either cut down his sentence or give him a few weeks outside of prison before he ended up there one way or another.

“Jackson! Off the bus!” A broad white security guard shouted as he stepped onto the large yellow bus, making sure that al the stragglers exited as they were instructed.

“Make me whitey,” Jordan muttered under his breath as he stood up. The guard visibly stepped away, his aura of confidence faltered as he saw Jordan stand erect. His over six foot tall body nearly touched the ceiling of the bus while his extra wife body caused him to walk sideways down the isle initially when he entered. If his tall stature wasn’t unsettling enough his overall tattooed face and his hardened features was more than enough to strike fear in the most confident. The officer could feel his fear bubble underneath his surface and withdrew his taser stick, which he extended to its full mast.

“I don’t wanna use this Jackson. Just get off the bus.” His voice shake as he spoke which made Jordan chuckle. If this was the security that filled the camp up; his stay was going to be even shorter than he expected. Either he would get kicked out, or he would escape. He hoped for the latter of the two.

Jordan gave a less than welcoming smile as he approached the guard, with the distance being shortened, the height difference was all but more apparent. The small Caucasian guard’s fear was palpating visibly as his hands shook with fear and sweat began to dot his forehead. Jordan stood in front of the mischief shorter, weaker man. The two looked like the battle of David and Goliath, but it didn’t seem that David would win this battle with his stick. Jordan smiled, revealing rows or discolored crooked teeth.

“Are you going to move? Or do you expect me to climb over the seats like some sort of animal?”

“Oh – no. I’m sorry,” the guard stuttered as he attempted to squeeze himself into one of the seats while Jordan marched passed the guard while the bus swayed back and forth with his heavy steps.

Jordan stepped from the bus with his hand extended in front of his face, attempting to block the sunlight from his eyes. The smell of nature and pollen immediately assaulted his senses and caused three rapid and aggressive sneezes.

“Bless you squared,” a man said as he approached Jordan.



“What did you just call me?” Jordan said as anger bubbled under the surface. The man raised his hands in a manner of defense.

“Sorry, it was a math joke,” the man laughed. He extended his hand. “My names Rick. I’m the owner of the camp.” His friendly hand of welcome was held in the air for several long seconds while Jordan scowled at the white man long enough for him to get the point that Jordan wasn’t the friendly type. “Well from your sunny demeanor I will stake my job on it that you are Jordan Jackson.”

“Yup,” he said shorty. Rick pursed his lips for a moment, which caused his smiling façade to crack slightly but it was quickly repaired. “Well I bet your tired. Long trip and all. Why don’t you go get settled down in cabin 4. It’s right next to the camp counselors. So they will be right next if you ever need any assistance or we hear anything going on next door.” Jordan raised an eyebrow. So they knew he was a runner, Jordan thought.

“Sure thing,” Jordan said as he stomped away to the side of the bus where he dufflebag laid and went to his cabin.

“Is that Jordan?” Alex asked as he walked up form behind with a matching clipboard in hand. He lifted up the papers and examined the pictures and the names of the newest campers.

“He’s gonna be a handful,” Rick commented as he made some notes on his own clipboard. “We will probably need to make some adjustments to the plan.” Rick chewed on the tip of his pen as he was in thought. “I wonder if we can do a double influencer with a dose of T,” he said to himself as he walked away from the bus and the other workers.

## **July 5th**

Jordan stood on the opposite side of his door, waiting for the last counselor to finish his rounds. He had been planning his escape for weeks. Jordan has wanted to wait another week or two but people had been getting weirder as the weeks went by. People who he had been “friendly” with had began to change, some grew fatter, some grew gayer, some just overall hornier. And Jordan had noticed changes in himself too; he was more obedient to the whims of the counselors, he mouthed off less to them, and sometimes he even wanted them to notice him. While others didn’t notice the changes in themselves he did, it was like he noticed the puppet masters and the strings that they pulled. And he wanted that feeling to stop. So he needed to escape.

“Goodnight George!” A counselor shouted from outside. Jordan presses his ear against the door and listened for the sound of his neighbors door to open and close. It was subtle, but the sound of the

old wooden door against the frame was loud enough to confirm it was his time to leave. He left his clothes in his cabin and his few belongings there as well, wanting little to no proof that he was gone. Jordan cracked the door and peaked outside seeing the lights that illuminated the walkways begin to go out. It was now or never.

Jordan slide his large muscular body through the door and ran. He ran as fast as his long muscular legs could carry him. He knew where the broken part of the fence was hidden, he knew where the cameras were placed, and he knew how to stay hidden. Jordan had thought he was gonna make it out in one piece. He even made it halfway through the camp before he was swarmed by every guard that was kept on lot. The biggest one of them tackled him straight to the ground like a linebacker going after the quarterback. Jordan went down hard and fast, but not before having his head bashed against a post which knocked him unconscious.

“Jordan. Jordan wake up. Jordan, time to get up,” a voice said, breaking him out of the fog that covered his mind.

“What...,” Jordan said while still trapped in his daze.

“Jordan, you really should run from us. We are here to help you. We are here to help you find your place in the world,” the voice said.

“Help me...my place...,” Jordan said, copying the man’s words.

“Exactly Jordan. We will help you here find meaning. Now just let my words fill your mind. Focus only on my words while I count back from ten. 10. 9. 8.” The unknown man’s words lulled Jordan back into unconsciousness but much deeper into the fog that clouded his mind.

A hard slap to the face woke Jordan later on. The heat of the persons hand broke whatever had kept him asleep for so long, and now stared at the small guard from earlier that summer. Though instead of the thick unflattering polyester rent-a-cop uniform he wore, he was dressed in a over sexualized version of the same outfit; short shiny rubber shorts that were connected to the rubber “shirt”, a pair of furry handcuffs on his belt, as well as a long dildo in place of his taser stick. The whole situation seemed off already, but the stripper cop made Jordan feel that much more uneasy.

“What the fuck!” Jordan barked as he attempted to move forward and return the strike, but his arms were restrained with thick leather bands that were chained to the wall behind him. Not only was he chained to a wall, but he was also stripped down to just his boxers. If it wasn’t as cold as it was, his cock would have extended past the edge of his boxers and would have been completely visible

“Shut up!” The guard barked. Though his voice was weak and shaky when Jordan opened his mouth to yell back his voice was caught in his throat. He tried to speak, but nothing but squeaks came from his lips. “I cant believe it worked,” the guard said. “Bark like a dog,” the guard ordered.

“Woof! Woof!” Jordan barked, obeying the guards orders once more. What was happening to him, Jordan wondered. The guard walked closer to Jordan and grabbed his face with his small, weak hands and squeezed feathers together as the guard looked deep into Jordan’s dark eyes.

“You are nothing. You are a piece of worthless trash. You live to worship white cock. You live for white cock. You want nothing more than to treat me like a king while you are treated like trash. You wish you were me. You wish you were lucky enough to be superior like me. You want to give me whatever pleasures I demand, and make whatever twisted thoughts in my head a reality.” His words sunk deep into Jordan’s mind, shifting his world and his views. Where once he saw a small fragile man, he now saw a god His mouth began to water as he stared at the, now sexy, man that stood before him. “What do you think of me?”

“You’re a god,” Jordan said his mouth pooling with drool as he stared at his idol. He could feel his cock begin to throb within his underwear. He could feel the head of his cock begin to show as it crept out from the coverage of his underwear.

“That’s what I thought,” the guard said as he began to unlock Jordan’s shackles. Jordan withered at the briefest of touches from the guard’s hands as they grazed over his wrists and unlocked him from the wall. His arms fell free and Jordan’s hands lunged out to touch him, but Jordan was quickly slapped once more. “Do NOT touch me unless I say.”

“Yes sir!” He cried as shame welled up in his body, but his cock only continued to grow harder from the degradation.

“On your knees,” the guard ordered and Jordan fell so fast that pain shot through both of his knees but he restrained any cries of pain. The guard brought his crotch towards Jordan’s face. “Sniff.” Jordan responded with several long deep sniffs, each more intoxicating than the last. The guard took hold of Jordan’s closely cropped hair and brought his face into his groin. “Get really in there boy!” He ordered, and Jordan rubbed his mouth hungrily across the man’s crotch. The rubber shorts rubbed against Jordan’s bare face, rubbing back his skin as he begged for the hidden treasures underneath. “You want it? You want my white cock boy?” The guard asked, teasing him with a few thrusts of his crotch into Jordan’s face.

“Yes sir. Please. Tell me what I need to do.” Jordan couldn’t believe what he was saying. He didn’t want this man, let alone be be submissive to those weak-willed white asshole. Jordan would be

lying if he said that he hadn't had his dick sucked by the random queer every so often, but sometimes his woman was lazy and he was horny. And there was always some fairy white boy who wanted to deep throat his ten inches. But this was the first time that he was ever on the receiving end, and it scared him how hard the idea of worshipping this guard.

"Tell me how much you wanna be me slave. Tell me how much you want to worship my white cock." The guard teased as he began to unzip the small mound in the front of his shorts.

"I want it. Let me worship your dick. Treat me the way I was born to be treated. I am nothing. Let me worship you sir!" Jordan pleaded with every fiber of his body, feeling as though he was empty and this guard was the only one who could fill his need to be useful.

"That's a good boy." The guard rubbed his hand around Jordan's head and let his cock flop out into his face. It wasn't massive, or large by any sense of the term but in Jordan's eyes it was the sexiest thing he had ever seen. It was barely six inches, and not thick but Jordan hungrily opened his mouth and took the entire cock easily into his throat. He felt the guard's pubes tickle his face as he began to bob up and down on the cock like so many people had done to him. His plump lips were tight wrapped around the cock as his wide tongue lapped the underside of the guards cock. The two men moaned pleasurably, both enjoying their respective position.

"Such a good boy. You are gonna get used to this spot. On the floor worshipping white cock. Swallowing our loads. Being of some use. Is that what you want? Being a slave to white cock?" The guard's thrusts began to speed up as his dirty talk also increased. "I'm gonna fill you with all my loads. Every one of us is gonna get a chance to fuck that big ass of yours and feed that hungry stomach. You're nothing, but we will make use of you before the end of the summer. . .oh fuck! Open up bitch!" The guard pulled his cock out from Jordan's mouth with a loud plop and began to douse his face with his cum. The guard's cock was small and his balls were below average the load was surprisingly monstrous. The guard's cum was thick and nearly pure white.

"Don't lick it off!" The guard ordered as extended his tongue to eat the load that he so dearly wanted. The guard squeezed out the last few drops of cum from his dick out onto Jordan's lips who hungrily licked up the few droplets he was allowed to taste. The guard held Jordan's cum covered face in his hand and rubbed his thumb over the long streaks of cum that covered his face. "We are all going to have such fun with you this summer before we sell you off."

"What?" Jordan said as the reality of the situation finally settled around him. He had just sucked off some dudes cock, got covered in his load, and wanted it to happen again.